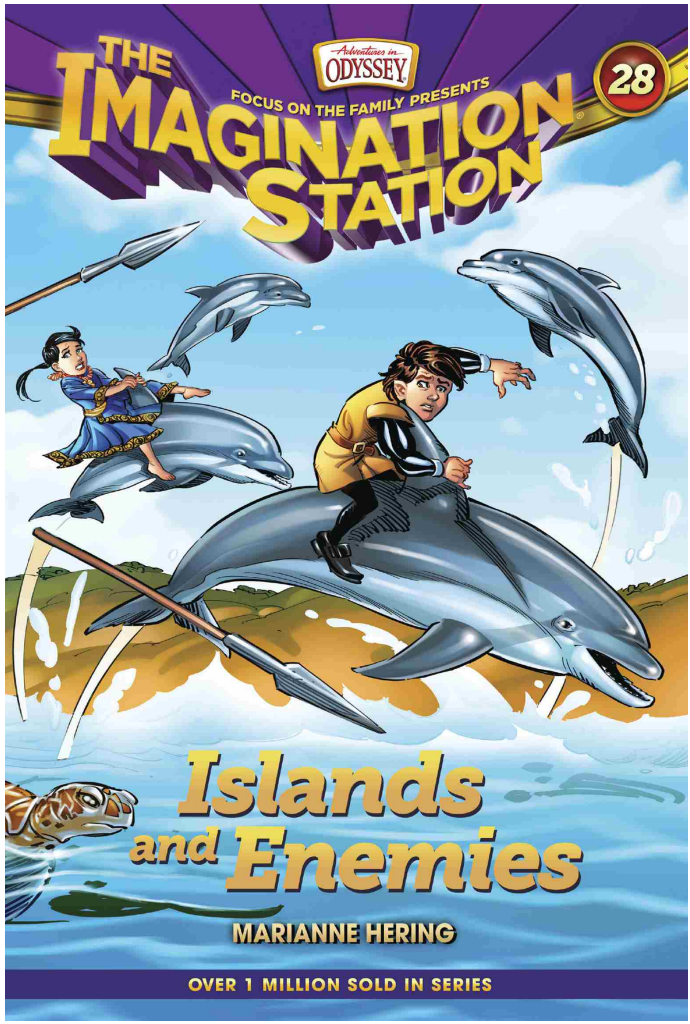
Adventures in ODYSSEY
FOCUS ON THE FAMILY PRESENTS
THE IMAGINATION STATION
28
Islands and Enemies
MARIANNE HERING
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Islands and Enemies

BOOK 28

MARIANNE HERING
ILLUSTRATIONS BY SERGIO CARIELLO

FOCUS ON THE FAMILY®
A Focus on the Family Resource
Published by Tyndale House Publishers

To Dani and Ryan. My beloved explorers.

-MKH

Islands and Enemies

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Cover illustration by Sergio Cariello. Cover design by Michael Heath. Additional illustrations by David Hohn.

For Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data for this title, visit http://www.loc.gov/help/contact-general.html.

For manufacturing information regarding this product, please call 1-855-277-9400.

For information about special discounts for bulk purchases, please contact Tyndale House Publishers at csresponse@tyndale.com or call 1-855-277-9400.

ISBN 978-1-64607-014-5

Build: 2022-03-11 10:02:36 EPUB 3.0

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Secret Word Puzzle
Author and Illustrator

The Biggest Fight Ever

Patrick stared at Beth across the table at Whit's End ice cream shoppe. His cousin returned a no-blinking, eye-bulging glare.

Beth picked up her metal spoon. She tapped her root-beer glass with it.

Tink, *tink*, *tink*.

Then Beth rapped with the spoon loud and slow.

TINK . . . TINK . . . TINK . . .

"Traitor," she whispered.

Tink, *tink*, *tink*.

Patrick still stared at her. But his hands roamed the tabletop until he found a paper napkin. He tore off a small piece. Patrick rolled it between his thumb and first finger. He put the wad in his mouth.

Beth tapped loud enough for everyone in the shop to hear.

Other customers turned their heads and stared.

Tink, tink, tink . . . TINK . . . TINK . . . TINK . . . tink, tink, tink.

I am not *a traitor*, Patrick thought.

Patrick saw the owner of Whit's End. His name was Mr.

John Avery Whittaker, or Whit for short. The grandfatherly gentleman was wiping down a table next to them.

Patrick pushed the wad into his straw with his tongue. He aimed the tube at Beth. He wasn't really going to blow the wad. It was enough fun to just think about it.

"Good morning!" Whit said.

Patrick felt a hearty pat on his back. The slap knocked the wind out of him . . . and into his straw.

Phuuuh. Thwack.

The spitball smacked Beth in the center of her forehead.

"Gross!" Beth shouted and stood. "You did that on purpose!"

"No, I didn't," Patrick said. "It's Mr. Whittaker's fault. He slapped me on the back."

Whit gave Patrick an apologetic look from behind his wire-rimmed glasses. He asked, "What's going on here?"

Patrick felt small. He knew that shooting spitballs was rude.

Whit next looked at Beth.

She was scowling and pointing to the wad. It stuck to her forehead and looked like a weird third eye. "This is evidence, Mr. Whittaker," she said. "Patrick is a traitor *and* a bully."

"Beth is a baby and a tattletale," Patrick said.

"Let's not have name-calling in my shop," Whit said. He raised an eyebrow. "Is this the reason for the SOS?"

"What SOS?" Patrick asked.

"This," Beth said. She tapped her spoon three times against the glass.

Tink, *tink*, *tink*.

"*That* is Morse code for the letter *S*," Beth said.

Whit picked up another spoon and tapped the glass harder and longer.

TINK . . . TINK . . . TINK . . .

"That's the letter *O*," he said.

Patrick shrugged.

Beth said, "I bet you don't even know what SOS stands for."

Patrick gave a huff.

Whit chuckled. The lines around his kind blue eyes crinkled.

"You two aren't acting like the cheerful Patrick and Beth who normally hang around this place," Whit said. He twirled the edge of his white moustache. "Usually you don't bicker. I'll ask again . . . what's going on?"

Patrick's gut twisted. He really didn't want to tell Whit.

A memory of the day before flashed into his mind.

Beth was sprawled on the ground. A soccer ball rolled away from her. Three kids were laughing and pointing at her. Another kid stood beside the three. A boy with freckles and blond hair. Him.

Beth was thinking of that day too. Her eyes burned with tears. She grabbed a napkin and wiped the spit wad off her forehead.

"It was after school," Beth said, sniffling. "I was carrying my project to the car-pool waiting area." She looked at Whit and managed a weak smile. "I got an A on it—"

"That's because you bought a kit," Patrick said. He leaned back in his chair and crossed his arms.

Whit sighed. He said, "Patrick, you'll get your turn to talk. Please let Beth finish first."

Patrick nodded.

"I was carrying the *Victoria*," Beth said. "It's a model of a famous ship. And I had to go around a group of kids playing soccer. Patrick was with them."

Beth shuddered at the memory. "There was mud and gravel on the ground," she said.

Whit put a hand on her shoulder. "Go on," he said.

"The ball rolled across my path," she said. "I had to sidestep. I slipped . . ." She showed Whit her hands. Red cuts marred her palms.

Beth's eyes welled with tears again. "I dropped the

Victoria to catch myself. The ship is now in a hundred pieces. Smashed. And it's all Patrick's fault!"

Whit turned to Patrick. "It's your turn," he said.

The Victoria

"That's not how it was!" Patrick said.

Beth frowned but was quiet.

Patrick took a deep breath. "I was playing soccer with some kids from our class," he said. "But I didn't kick the ball that tripped Beth. Eli did."

"Was it an accident?" Whit asked.

Patrick took another deep breath. "Probably not," he said. "Eli is good."

"Even good players make mistakes," Whit said. "Why wasn't this an accident?"

Patrick looked down at the table. "Eli thinks Beth is a know-it-all. And just before he kicked the ball, Eli smirked," Patrick said.

"I knew it!" Beth shouted. "You all planned it together!"

"No!" Patrick said. He stood. "It all happened in seconds!"

"You didn't even try to stop Eli," Beth said. She crossed her arms.

A long silence fell between the cousins.

Patrick's eyes were cast downward.

Finally, Patrick looked up. He said, "I couldn't have made a difference. It was hopeless. That's why I didn't even

try."

Then Whit spoke to Beth. "Why do you think Eli wanted to trip you?"

A deep flush crept up Beth's neck and clung to her cheeks.

"Well, uh . . . I, um . . ." she said. "Building the *Victoria* was a group project. And I didn't let Eli and the others help."

Whit stroked his chin. "I think I understand," he said. "You two need to meet me in the workshop. Resolving this conflict calls for an Imagination Station adventure."

Patrick smiled.

So did Beth.

At last they agreed on something.

"Where are we going?" Patrick asked Whit.

He said, "Did someone mention the *Victoria*?"

Beth and Patrick stood in the Whit's End workshop. They were next to the rebuilt white Imagination Station. It was kind of like a time machine.

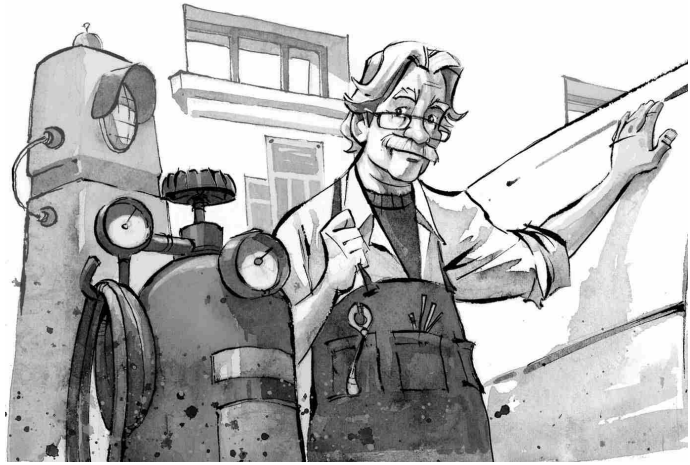
"We're using this one?" Patrick asked. "Where's the Model T version?"

"That one is on loan to the government right now," Whit said.

Patrick knew it was best not to ask any more questions when Whit said things like that.

"But I've been tinkering with this one," Whit said. "I think you'll like the changes."

Beth thought the machine looked like the cab of a helicopter, but without any blades on top.



Whit opened a panel on the side of the Imagination Station. He pressed a button, and the door slid open.

Patrick climbed over one seat and sat down in the second.

Beth frowned. Patrick usually let her go in first. *He must still be mad*, she thought.

She climbed inside. Beth loved the comfortable leather seats. She fastened her seat belt.

Patrick also buckled up.

Beth ran her hand over the dashboard. The red button was still in the middle. But there were two new screens. Beth noticed more dials and switches too.

One of the screens said *Translation*. Its toggle was switched to on.

"The Imagination Station has new components," Whit said.

"What are they?" Beth asked.

"You'll know when you use them," Whit said with a wink.

"Cool," Patrick said. "I can't wait to meet Christopher Columbus."

"Columbus?" Whit asked.

Patrick's eyebrows drew close in confusion. "Yeah, you know, the *Niña*, the *Pinta*, and the *Santa Victoria*."

Beth put a hand over her mouth so she wouldn't smirk.

Whit chuckled kindly. “In 1492, Columbus’s third ship was the *Santa Maria*,” he said.

“Then who sailed on the *Victoria*?” Patrick asked.

“You’d know if you’d listened to my report,” Beth said. “The *Victoria* was part of a five-ship fleet.”

“I do know something about your project,” Patrick said.

“Let’s hear it,” she said.

“You know everything, so you got an A,” Patrick said.

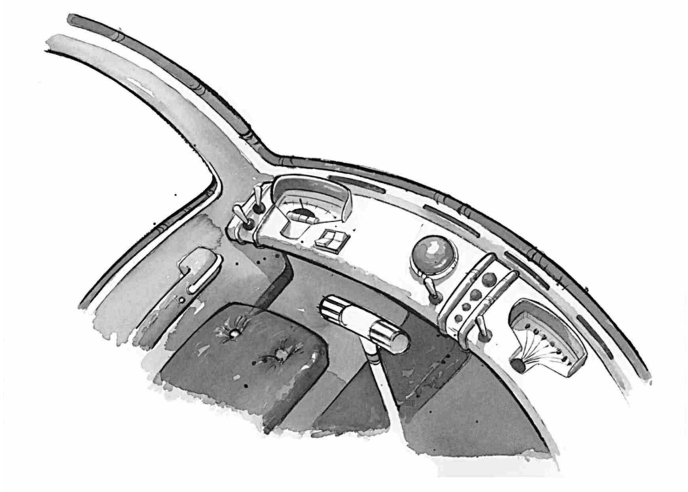
Beth sighed.

Whit tossed a small package onto Patrick’s lap. It was a sealed Ziploc bag. It was full of bright silver items. “You’ll need those to save a young life,” he said. “Don’t lose them.”

Patrick thanked Whit and tucked the package inside his shirt.

“May we leave now?” Beth asked.

Whit nodded. “To come back, you must be friends again,” he said.



The door slid closed.

Beth pressed the red button.

The Imagination Station started to shake and rumble. It seemed to move.

Beth felt as if she were riding on a rickety roller coaster. She took a quick breath and closed her eyes. The machine

jerked forward. The rumble grew louder. The machine whirled. Suddenly, everything went black.

The Fin

Patrick saw the sun rising on the ocean. The Imagination Station was floating on a smooth sea.

Whoosh!

The machine's door slid open. Saltwater poured in.

"Beth!" he shouted. "The Imagination Station is sinking!"

Patrick pushed himself into the cool water. Goosebumps rose on his skin. His wet clothes were pulling him down.

He tried to kick off his sneakers. But they had transformed into boots.

Patrick treaded water, his arms moving in wide arcs. He saw his billowy sleeves. They were made of cotton. The wet fabric made swimming more difficult.

He looked back at Beth. She was treading water a few feet away.

The Imagination Station bobbed a couple of times. Then the sea swallowed it.

"We're in the middle of nowhere," Beth said. "Do you see the *Victoria*?"

Patrick spun round. He saw nothing but glassy ocean.

"Maybe the *Victoria* sank," he said. "Maybe it's below us. We should have stayed inside the Imagination Station."

“But the door opened by itself,” Beth said. “The Imagination Station wanted us here.”

“Why?” Patrick asked. “To make sure we could pass a swim safety exam?”

“Maybe,” Beth said. Her voice trembled. “If the swimming pool is a shark tank!” She pointed behind Patrick.

He spun around again.

A large gray dorsal fin was slicing through the water. It was coming straight toward them.

“Shark!” Patrick shouted.

Should I thrash if sharks are near? Beth wondered. *Or should I just float?*

Beth started to pray. Just as quickly, she began to flutter kick. She noticed her flip-flops were gone. Her feet were bare.

Something was around her neck. She touched it and felt a shell necklace.

Her clothes had been replaced by something long and loose.

She moved through the water using swift overhead strokes. The saltwater stung the sores on her palms.

Beth heard Patrick shout, “Swim, Beth, swim! I’ll fight off the shark!”

Patrick tried not to grin. He knew something Beth didn’t for once. A shark’s fin is straight in the back. The fin coming toward him was curved.

Patrick watched Beth swim with wild strokes.

“Keep swimming, Beth!” he shouted. “I’ll wrestle it all by myself.”

The fin was closer now. He was eager for the dolphin to swim close to him. He'd always wanted to touch one.

The dorsal fin slipped below the blue water.

Patrick looked around for it to reappear. Something bumped his legs.

Suddenly, he was pushed out of the water! His arms flailed wildly. His hand landed on the edge of the fin.

Patrick grabbed and held on for a ride.

Beth stopped swimming and turned around. Her heart jumped to her throat.

Patrick was wrestling the shark! He had it by the dorsal fin.

A spurt of water gushed upward from the animal's head. The creature lifted its head and opened its mouth. It made a sound that was half clicking and half laugh.

Patrick was being pulled by a gray-and-white dolphin. Its tube-shaped body was skimming the top of the water. He hung on to the dorsal fin with one hand. He waved at her with his other one.

Suddenly, a second dolphin leaped out of the water. It spun around several times and then arched. It dove into the water. Next, two dolphins leaped out at the same time. They

also spun like tops before falling back in the ocean.

Beth's body rose out of the water without warning. She found herself straddling the back of a dolphin. She grabbed its dorsal fin with both hands. The dolphin made a clicking sound.

The shell on Beth's necklace vibrated. She sensed the dolphin saying, "Hang on!"

The dolphin turned away from the sun. It flapped its tail, pushing them quickly along the water's surface.

More dolphins jumped out of the water and spun in the air. Their landings caused splashes that rained on Beth.

Beth's dolphin followed the one Patrick was riding.

She looked out over the horizon. Beth saw hundreds of dolphins moving together.

The dolphins were swimming west, away from the sun.

Somehow, Beth knew the dolphins were taking her somewhere. They had a plan.

The sun rose higher, and the weather warmed. In the distance, a group of green-covered islands appeared.

The dolphins headed straight for the islands. Beth could see three dark specks on the horizon. There were three wooden ships in a harbor.

Beth's heart beat quickly. She saw two large white sails on the closest ship. Each rectangle-shaped sail had a red cross against a white background. It was the symbol of the 1521 Spanish flag. A third triangle-shaped sail was at the back of the ship.

Beth was sure one of these three ships was the *Victoria*. And she would soon meet Ferdinand Magellan. He was the first captain to lead a trip around the world.

The Shallop

Patrick's dolphin made clicking noises, which seemed a lot like talking. He named his dolphin Clicker.

"Come on, Clicker," he said. "Take me to those ships."

Soon they were a baseball throw away from the smallest ship.

Is that the Victoria*?* Patrick wondered. *I should have paid attention to Beth's report.*

Patrick could see a shallop in the water. Seven men were inside the long boat. They rowed at the oars with fast, strong strokes.

"Hey!" Patrick shouted. "Over here." He waved his free arm at the men in the shallop. "Hail to the *Victoria*!"

Clicker suddenly rolled over. Patrick plunged underwater. Saltwater flushed through his nose. He opened his eyes. He was face-to-face with a giant turtle.

Patrick kicked his legs and surfaced, sputtering.

He looked for Clicker. But the dolphins had gone below the surface.

Beth was treading water a dozen yards away.

Patrick saw the Ziploc bag in the water and reached for it. All he got was a handful of water. The bag floated closer to the long boat.

Patrick paddled toward it. He reached out again. His fingers were about to close.

Wham!

An oar whacked Patrick's knuckles.

"Ow!" Patrick shouted. He looked at the men. "What did you do that for?"

A man holding an oar grinned. His wide smile showed he was missing half his teeth.

The man said, "These waters and everything in them belong to His Majesty, King Charles the First of Spain," he said. The man pulled in the plastic bag with the oar. He reached down and lifted the bag in the air. It dangled from his fingers. "Including this."

Beth treaded water next to Patrick. She looked up and studied the man holding the bag. He looked young but very thin. He wore the plain clothes of an ordinary sailor. Most of the other men also wore loose-fitting, drab clothes.

Beth noticed something about the language they were speaking. She hadn't even noticed it on other foreign adventures. All the men, and even Patrick, were speaking in Spanish. She was too. Just as usual, the Imagination Station was allowing them to speak in the language of the people they were visiting.

Only one man wore a nice white shirt and a dark vest. His skin sagged, but not from age. He looked about thirty years old. Beth guessed the men had gone without food for a few days. Maybe longer.

"That's not your bag," Beth said. "It was given to us by John Whittaker of the Americas. Spain has no right to it."

The man in the vest seemed to consider her words. He raised a hand to his dark hair and smoothed it.

"You make a fair claim. It is based on the name of Amerigo Vespucci," he said. "Amerigo is indeed my Italian countryman. But he sailed under the *Spanish* flag in 1498.

That's when he claimed the Americas."

The man pointed to the bag. He said, "No, the package still belongs to Spain."

The men in the boat murmured in agreement.

Patrick whispered to her, "Think of something, smarty pants. We need that package."

Beth reached up to the side of the boat. She grabbed the edge and pulled herself halfway up. She rested on her elbows. She was now face to face with the man.

"You're Italian and a leader," Beth said. She remembered the facts from her report. "You must be Antonio Pigafetta!"

The man's face whitened. The men in the boat sat still. A hush fell. The only sound was the sea lapping against the boat.

The man pushed Beth's elbows off the boat's rim.

She slid back into the water.

"Row to the ship!" he said to the sailors. "Let them drown."

Several oars dipped into the water.

"Wait!" Beth shouted. "Ferdinand Magellan doesn't approve of murder. He follows the commandments."

The men nodded and murmured.

"She's right," one said. "The captain-general is a Christian. He wouldn't approve."

"They're just children," said another.

The man in the vest sighed. "Pull them aboard the shallop," he said to the sailors.

Two taller men reached over the side of the boat. They lifted Patrick and Beth on board.

The cousins sat on a bench in the center of the shallop.

The leader said, "I am Antonio Pigafetta."

Beth leaned toward Patrick and whispered, "I was right."

Patrick whispered back, "As usual."

Pigafetta said, "In the names of His Majesty, King Charles the First of Spain, and Captain-General Ferdinand Magellan, I arrest you."

Patrick shook his head. “We’ve done nothing wrong,” he said. “What are you arresting us for?”

Pigafetta’s brown eyes narrowed. His bushy eyebrows drew together in a *V*. He leaned toward the cousins. In a soft whisper he said, “Witchcraft.”

The Stocks

Patrick's ankle ached. He and Beth sat on the quarterdeck of the *Victoria*. The cousins' feet were locked in wooden stocks.

The gap-toothed man stood over them like a jailor. The other sailors had gone in different directions.

"Put your hands in those cuffs," the sailor said. He pointed to metal rings on top of the stocks.

Beth pursed her lips. “Our feet are already locked up, sir,” she said. She wiggled her bare toes. “Please let us keep our hands free till the trial.”

“You’ll be casting a spell or something,” the sailor said. “I’ll not be hearing the other fellows say, ‘Hans was a fool. He left a witch’s hands free.’”

He grabbed one of Beth’s wrists and placed it in the cuff.

Click.

“Hans sounds like a German name,” Patrick said.

The sailor nodded.

Hans locked the cuff around Beth’s other wrist.

Click.

Patrick eyed Hans’s belt. The plastic bag with the silvery foil things was tucked inside. Next to it hung a long knife in a leather case.

“Hans,” Patrick said, “look at the crow’s nest. How high

do you think that is?"

Hans tilted his head toward the top of the mainmast. "Oh, I think fifty feet."

Patrick snatched at the bag, but Hans was ready. He brushed away Patrick's hand.

"I already told you. The bag belongs to the king of Spain," Hans said. "Now put your wrists in the cuffs." Hans patted the knife. "Or I'll cut your hands off."

Patrick quickly put his hands in the rings.

Click. Click.

"Why should a German give anything to Spain?" Beth asked.

Hans grinned. His missing front teeth made him seem oddly childlike.

"Wherever you witches live," Hans said, "you don't know much about this world. Charles the First is the king of Spain and Germany and Austria. And of Sicily and the Netherlands and Sardinia and Naples and—"

"And the colonies in the New World," Beth said, sighing.

The cousins slumped forward in defeat.

Patrick whispered, "I think I can get my hand free if—"

Hans slapped Patrick on the back of the head. "Shut your mouth!" he shouted. "No casting spells."

Pigafetta came down the steps with another man. The new man had on a large hat with a white feather. He wore a white shirt with billowy sleeves.

Beth asked the new man, "Are you Ferdinand Magellan?"

The man spat at Beth's feet.

"Yuck!" she said. "What was that for?"

"You insulted me," the man said. "I am Juan Elcano. *Spanish* blood flows in my veins. Don't compare me to Magellan, that madman from Portugal."

Patrick asked, "Are you the *Victoria*'s captain?"

"Not exactly," Elcano the Spaniard said. "Magellan rules the fleet. But I am a senior officer, a master."

"Then you have the power to let us go," Beth said. She

looked at Elcano with wide eyes. “Think about it. If we were witches, we would have escaped.”

Elcano snorted. “See their tricks?” he said to Hans and Pigafetta. “She will confuse you. Don’t turn your back on them! Or they will transform into birds and fly away.”

Beth shook her head. “We’re just children. Please, let us go,” she said sweetly.

Elcano clapped his hands over his ears. “The female is the more dangerous,” he said to Hans. “She will try to charm her way out of the stocks. Beware!”

Pigafetta eyed Beth. Again his brows drew close to form a *V*. “How did you know my name?” he asked her. “Prove it wasn’t magic, and I’ll let you go free.”

We’re doomed, Patrick thought.

6

The Witch Trial

What could Beth say? She couldn't explain about the Imagination Station. The sailors wouldn't believe her, or worse, they would. That would be more proof that she was a witch.

All she could do was shrug.

Pigafetta said, "So you knew my name by dark magic. Your silence is proof of your guilt."

Patrick whispered to Beth, "You had to be a know-it-all."

Hans leaned over the ship's railing. "I see the captain-general's shallop," he said. "He is coming our way."

Patrick seemed to perk up. "Is the captain-general really a Christian?" he asked.

"None more faithful," Pigafetta said. "Yesterday eight hundred islanders were baptized because of Magellan's preaching. He says the hand of God is on this journey."

"Bah!" Elcano said. "Magellan is a Portuguese fool! We've been gone almost two years. And still we haven't found the Spice Islands."

Beth said, "Magellan is a great leader. He just didn't know the Pacific was so big."

"Ha!" Elcano said. "Magellan is no leader. We started

with five ships. One of them was wrecked and sank. Another, the *San Antonio*, has deserted."

"Those were traitors," Pigafetta said. "They stole our supplies. That's why there was so little food. That's no fault of the captain-general."

Beth nodded. "You're right," she said.

"And now, we're close to the Spice Islands," Pigafetta said. "We have fruit and fish."

Pigafetta lowered his voice. He spoke to Elcano, "Don't let Magellan find out your views. You know what he does to those who aren't loyal."

"I know what he does to those who *are* loyal," Elcano said. "He works them double shifts. Hides his maps from them. He starves them!"

Pigafetta put a firm hand on Elcano's shoulder. He said, "Be patient. Trust him. The captain-general is a man of good character. He is hard, but also merciful like God. And—"

"He is also here!" Hans said. "The shallop from the *Trinidad* just arrived. He's boarding on the main deck."

Patrick watched Ferdinand Magellan step up to the quarterdeck. The captain-general had a sword hanging from his belt. The bearded man limped toward the cousins. The stiff walking motion reminded Patrick of a tin soldier.

Magellan nodded to Pigafetta. He glared at Elcano.

A second man walked behind Magellan. This sailor didn't look European or Arabian. He had a round, beardless face. His hair and skin were darker than most of the other sailors'.

Several sailors gathered on the foredeck. The men leaned on the ship's railing.

"What's this I hear about witches?" Magellan asked.

Pigafetta pointed toward the cousins.

Patrick smiled. He tried to wave at Magellan, but his wrist was cuffed. He twisted his hand back and forth as best

he could.

Beth said hello.

Magellan ignored them. “What are the charges?” he asked.

Pigafetta hopped up on the forecastle stairs. He moved his arms in a wide sweep like an actor onstage. “They came in the form of dolphins across the sea. And when they neared our fleet, they transformed into these children.”

“Aye, Captain-General,” a sailor shouted from the deck railing. “I saw them from the crow’s nest.”

Hans spoke from behind them. “Then they tamed the other dolphins to do their bidding,” he said. “It must be a spell.”

“Our vessel sank,” Beth said. “So the dolphins came to us. Haven’t you heard tales of sailors being rescued by dolphins?”

Magellan rubbed his chin. “I have heard of these legends,” he said. “But it is rare.”

Hans offered the plastic bag to Magellan.

The captain-general inspected the plastic bag. He held it up to the sun and peered through it. He fingered the small silver items inside.

“What is this material?” he asked. “It is clearer than glass but bends like a spring leaf. And what are these odd silver things?”

Pigafetta pointed at Patrick. “The witch-boy had it,” he said. “The bag was floating in the water near him.”

Magellan turned his full gaze on Patrick.

“I don’t know what they are,” Patrick said. “They were a gift from a friend. I need them back.” He remembered Whit’s words. “It’s a matter of life or death,” Patrick said.

Elcano said, “It *is* a matter of life and death—*yours*.” Elcano started laughing. Hans joined in with a snicker. Soon all the crew members laughed at Patrick.

Magellan raised a hand to the sailors. The laughter died down.

He held the bag in front of the entire crew. He said, “I claim this bag in the name of His Majesty—”

“King Charles the First of Spain,” Patrick and Beth said together.

Magellan nodded. He pulled a knife from his waistband. He sliced open the bag. He took out one of the small, silver objects. Magellan studied it, sliding his thumb along the smooth foil wrapper.

Patrick was afraid he might bite it. But Captain-General Magellan handed the bag to the beardless sailor.

Patrick decided the man must be a personal servant to Magellan.

The man said, “I shall put these in your quarters after the burning.”

Patrick jolted upright. “Burning?” he said.

Pigafetta jumped off the stairs. He landed right in front of the cousins. He said, “Surely you know that witches are burned—or drowned.”

A sudden scream pierced the air. Someone shouted, “My hand! My hand! It’s on fire!”

7

Chemistry

The cry came from the beardless man. The hair on the back of Beth's neck stood up.

The man shrieked. He hurled the plastic bag toward the cousins. The silver pieces scattered across the deck. A few of them landed near Beth.

She twisted her neck to read the tiny writing: Hot Handz—Instant Heat for Quick Comfort. *They're warmers that fit in gloves,* Beth thought.

Magellan, Hans, and Pigafetta moved back from the silver packages.

The man held up his hand. A welt showed red across the palm. Beth also figured that he was Henry, Magellan's servant.

"You'll be okay," Beth said to him. "Your hand will blister, but it will heal. You tore the wrapping. You're not supposed to do that. You just need to bend the packets, Henry."

The man's eyes grew round and glassy. Then he dashed

up the steps to the forecastle railing.

Another shriek followed from Pigafetta. The Italian threw himself on his knees in front of Magellan. He held his hands clasped and raised them high.

"Kill her!" Pigafetta shouted. "She knew my name! She knew Henry's name! She knew we call this ocean the Pacific. How does she know this except by witchcraft?"

Beth looked at Patrick for help, but his head was slumped. He seemed defeated. And it was her fault. They were in even bigger trouble now.

The crew started to chant, "Witch! Witch! Witch! Witch!"

"Girl, what do you call yourself?" Magellan asked.

"My name is Beth," she shouted over the chanting. "And this is my cousin Patrick."

"How did you know my servant's name?" Magellan asked.

Beth told the truth. "Your fleet's courageous journey is legend," she said. "News of your bravery has reached even to the New World."

Elcano said, "Impossible! No one knows what has happened on this journey except us."

Magellan shook his head. "It is possible," he said. He rolled his eyes upward as if counting in his head. "The *San Antonio* deserted us four months ago. They could have reached port and told our tale."

"You're a fool," Elcano said. "She flatters you with words of 'courage' and 'bravery.' The *San Antonio*'s crew would never speak good of you. They hate you!"

Pigafetta said, "The girl's knowledge is possible only through witchcraft." He backed away from the cousins. "But I will do with them as you wish, Captain-General."

Magellan nodded. He turned to the cousins again. "And what of my servant's hand?" Magellan asked. "What magic spell have you used to burn him?"

"No magic. No spell," Beth said. "It's chemistry."

"Chemistry?" Magellan said. "What is this?"

Beth wondered how to explain it. "You call it

‘alchemy,’” she said. “The silver packets have some powder inside. They produce heat when you bend them. If you tear them open, you’ll get burned.”

Too late, Beth realized that she’d been a know-it-all. Again.

Magellan narrowed his eyes. “You are witches,” he said. “You admit to having magic potions.”

Elcano shouted, “They will bring us bad luck!”

The men leaning against the railing on the forecastle chanted, “Burn them! Burn them! Burn them!”

Patrick listened for the Imagination Station’s hum. He scanned the decks for the white machine. Nothing, no rescue.

“I find you guilty of witchcraft,” Magellan said. “The penalty is death.”

Beth gasped.

“This is *your* fault,” Patrick said to her.

Magellan ordered Hans to unshackle the cousins. Then he shouted to the men at the railings: “Ready the oils. Get embers from the firebox!”

Hans used a key to unlock the iron bracelets.

Click. Click. Click. Click.

Patrick shook his hands to get the blood flowing again. Then he reached down and grabbed a few of the silver packets. He shoved them in his pocket.

Beth laced her fingers to get the blood flowing again. She pushed her palms outward to stretch them.

Magellan grabbed one of her wrists. “What are these marks on your hands?” he asked.

“They are the marks of betrayal,” Beth said. She glared at Patrick.

Patrick remembered Beth’s fall on the gravel in the school parking lot. His cheeks flushed.

“They are a sign,” Magellan said. “They are like the wounds of Christ. He was also betrayed!”

"No!" Beth said. Now a flush reddened her face. "I just fell and scraped my hands. Please, don't compare my scratches to the nail marks of our Savior. That's wrong."

Sweat broke out on Magellan's forehead. Then he made the sign of the cross, touching his forehead, his stomach, and both shoulders.

"I can't kill innocents. Do you claim a faith in Jesus Christ, our Lord?" he asked.

"Yes," Patrick said. "We believe that Jesus rose from the dead. He saved us from our sins."

Elcano snatched the keys from Hans. He moved in front of the cousins. "They lie!" Elcano said. "The captain-general said they are guilty. Throw them into the sea!"

Elcano opened the stocks that bound the cousins' ankles.

All the sailors at the railing rushed down the forecastle steps. They hooted and shouted, "Drown them! Drown the witches!"

Magellan was also shouting, but Patrick couldn't understand him.

Hans and Pigafetta shot into motion. They rushed toward Beth.

They're going to throw us in the sea! Patrick thought.

He tried to crawl. But hands grabbed hold of his arms and legs.

He could smell the men's sweaty bodies. Their terrible breath reeked like rotting meat. Their eyes were sunk into their skulls. It made them look half-dead.

The sailors lifted Patrick. They carried him as if he were no heavier than a doll. They rushed toward the side of the ship.

"Heave ho!" Elcano shouted.

Pigafetta and Hans blocked a group of soldiers from grabbing Beth. She shrank back against a wall. Her heart was pounding.

She heard the men shout, “Kill the witch!”

“Don’t hurt Patrick!” Beth said. But she could barely hear herself.

Magellan waved his sword in the air. He shouted, “Stop! This is mutiny!”

Beth saw Patrick’s captors freeze. They held his body over the side of the ship.

Patrick twisted and squirmed.

Elcano shouted, “Drop him!”

Beth couldn’t watch. She closed her eyes and waited for the splash.

Patrick felt himself fall.

Then his shoulder jerked. The fall stopped.

He opened his eyes and looked up.

A face peered over the side of the ship. The man was leaning over, holding tight to Patrick’s wrist. Henry had saved him.

Magellan’s face appeared beside Henry’s. Together, they lifted Patrick onto the deck.

Beth stood flat against the wall.

She watched Elcano pace along the forecastle steps. He stopped in front of Magellan. “Don’t be foolish, Captain-General,” Elcano said. “We don’t want witches casting their spells on our men.”

“I agree,” Magellan said.

“Finally,” Elcano said. “You are talking sense.”

“Yes,” said Magellan, “I release the boy to you. You will watch his every move so he won’t use magic.”

Elcano’s face turned red.

Magellan smiled. “Report to me if he turns back into a dolphin,” he said.

Elcano’s cheeks puffed out. It seemed like he wanted to shout. But he didn’t. He said, “Your wish will be granted, Captain-General.”

He turned away from Magellan. Then he smirked.

Beth didn’t like that expression. She hoped Patrick would be on his guard.

Magellan turned to Pigafetta. “As for the girl,” Magellan said, “she is in your care. She will return with us to the *Trinidad*.”

Beth waited for Patrick to protest. He had always wanted to stay together before. But he sat strangely silent.

She thought, *We’ll never be friends again.*

On the *Victoria*, Patrick carried a bucket of water. He followed Hans belowdecks to the dungeon.

At least it felt like a dungeon. It was really the kitchen. Two stone ovens stood against the wall. Inside each one was a huge pile of greasy and charred ash. One of the ovens had a cluster of embers glowing in it.

Two dried pigs hung from the ceiling. Three goats and two live pigs were chained to the deck floor. Chickens clucked in wood boxes. Crates of figs, oranges, and lemons filled one wall.

“We have fruit, grains, and nuts again,” Hans said. “The islanders gave it all to us.” He nodded toward the stove. “You’re to clean the area.”

Patrick set the bucket down and sniffed the air. He crinkled his nose at the stench.

Hans laughed.

“Elcano ordered me to keep you away from the crew,” he said. “First, throw the animal waste into a bucket. Then wash the ovens and the floors. The smell will sink into your clothing. No one will want to be around you.”

“They’ll stay away anyway,” Patrick said. “They think I can turn them into frogs with an ‘abracadabra.’” Patrick waved an imaginary wand.

Hans took a step back. His face drained of color.

Patrick said, “Don’t worry. I’m harmless.”

“I hope you’re harmless,” Hans said. “Elcano is looking for a reason to throw you overboard. Be warned.”

Hans walked to the stairs and went climbed to the deck above.

Patrick sighed. He wondered how Beth was doing. He missed her. But he was also glad she wasn’t with him. Her knowledge of the voyage was dangerous.

He looked around at his new “home.” The area was full of shadows and crates. And it was dark. He picked up a long iron poker. He pushed it into the fire and stabbed at the tiny ember.

“Stop!” a voice said from behind him. “You’re going to kill it!”

The Conch

Beth stood near the railing on the *Trinidad*. She admired the tall beam that climbed into the sky. Magellan's family flag flew from the tip-top. She tilted her head back and squinted. She could see that the flag was of a bird and a shield.

Beth felt a nudge from behind. Henry was guiding her to follow Magellan and Pigafetta across the quarterdeck.

The crew saw Beth. The men came toward her in a group.

Beth clutched at her necklace for comfort. She felt the center shell and looked down. It was a small conch shell.

"What's a girl doing on this ship?" one of the men asked.

Magellan merely scowled at him. The questions stopped.

But Henry muttered under his breath. He wasn't using Spanish, like everyone else. It was a language she hadn't heard before.

Beth's conch vibrated. She touched it and looked over her shoulder at him.

Somehow the shell was helping her understand him. He had said, "She is here to cast an enchantment spell on the captain-general."

Beth shook her head. “I don’t know any spells,” she said to Henry in the same language. “Witchcraft is wrong.”

Sweat broke out on Henry’s forehead. He took two steps back from her. “You are a witch,” he said. “You know the island language.”

Pigafetta turned around. The scowl on his face warned Beth that he’d heard Henry.

Why oh why can’t I keep my mouth shut? she wondered.

Patrick dropped the iron poker. “Don’t kill what?” he asked.

“The gosling,” the voice said. “It’s the last one.”

Patrick turned around.

The voice belonged to an older man. His nose was red. His facial hair was scraggly and grew in patches. And he wore Spanish armor. It was complete with a helmet, metal breastplate, and shin covers.

The man raised an axe. “I’ll strike you down if you go near it!” he said. “Get away from the firebox.”

“No problem,” Patrick said. He backed away from the ashes.

The man’s armor clanked as he knelt beside the firebox. He set down the axe. He shoved one hand into the warm ashes. Flecks of red flashed as the ashes moved. His arm stretched to the back of the firebox.

The man pulled out something gray. He blew on it, and ashes floated away.

Now Patrick could see it was white and oval.

The man held something the size of a large orange. An egg.

Beth saw Pigafetta grab Magellan’s arm. “How does she know

the island language?" he asked. "How? How?" He gave Magellan's arm a shake with each *how*.

Magellan didn't seem angry. In fact, his expression was joyful.

The captain-general shook off Pigafetta's hand.

"Go!" Magellan shouted at Henry and Pigafetta.

They remained still.

"If I may, sir," Henry said. "I'd like to warn you—"

Magellan said, "If it's about the girl, I won't hear it."

Henry bowed. "As you wish," he said and left.

Pigafetta crossed his arms. "The girl is a witch," he said. "If she turns you to stone, I want to see it. I'll need to record it correctly. I am your scribe, and I will stay."

Magellan burst out laughing. He put a hand on Beth's shoulder. "Come, child," he said. "You are going to write all you know of this voyage. I want to know all about what people have been saying."

Minutes later, Beth was in the captain's quarters.

She sat at a small desk, quill in hand. A piece of blank parchment was spread out before her.

Pigafetta perched on the edge of the small bed, watching her.

Magellan leaned against a small bookcase.

"Where should I start?" she asked Magellan.

"At the beginning," he said.

"Okay," Beth said. She scrunched her nose, trying to remember the words of her report. She tapped the point of the quill.

"This is foolish, Captain-General," Pigafetta said. "She can't even write."

Beth felt her conch necklace vibrate again. She put a hand to it and turned to Pigafetta. "I can too!" she said. "I have great handwriting skills."

Magellan laughed. "She speaks Italian!" he said. "Pigafetta, you have to respect her now."

Pigafetta scowled. He said, "Let's see if she speaks your language, Portuguese."

The necklace vibrated again. Beth said, "Yes! I can

speak Portuguese!"

Normally she could understand only one language per adventure. In this one she could understand many. *Whit gave me a translation device!* she thought. *This must be the new feature on the Imagination Station.*

"Do you know the classics?" Pigafetta asked. "Write something in Latin?"

The conch vibrated. Beth said, "I think so— "

"Enough!" Magellan said. "Write in Spanish. It's the official language of the courts."

Then the captain-general left the cabin. Pigafetta still watched her.

Beth put the quill to the parchment. It made a scratching sound as she wrote:

> A fleet of five ships left Spain in August of 1519. The ships sailed through a passageway in South America. The strait links the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. It is known as the Strait of Magellan.

Pigafetta peered over her shoulder and read her words. Beth squirmed in her chair. She had learned that telling the future meant trouble. Before she could speak, she heard a voice from the crow's nest. A sailor shouted, "Boats from Cebu are approaching!"

Vasco

Patrick said, “May I see the egg?”

“No,” the man in armor said. He turned to block Patrick’s view. “I will protect this gosling with my life.”

“Is that why you’re wearing armor?” Patrick asked.

Patrick inched closer. He tried to peek around the man to see the egg.

The man kept blocking Patrick’s view.

“You called it a gosling,” Patrick said. “Is it really a goose?”

“Yes,” the man said. “No . . . maybe.”

“Maybe?” Patrick said.

The man turned slightly toward Patrick. “It’s the egg of a bird that can’t fly,” he said.

“An ostrich?” Patrick asked.

“What is that bird like?” the man asked.

“It’s got long legs and a long neck,” Patrick said. “It can run fast in the desert.”

“No,” the man said, shaking his head. “The parents caught fish. They were black and white.”

Patrick laughed. “A penguin!” he said. “They have waterproof feathers and wide, flat feet.”

Patrick bent his arms to make pretend wings. Then he

waddled. “They walk like this.”

The man nodded. “Penguins,” he said.

“What happened to the parents?” Patrick asked.

The man’s eyes began to water. “The crew skinned them,” he said. He motioned toward the firebox. “Then they roasted the creatures and ate them,” he said. “Even the beaks and feet.”

Patrick’s stomach twisted. The sailors must have been hungry indeed. “That’s awful,” he said.

“None are left but this,” the man said. He offered the egg to Patrick with outstretched arms. “Listen.”

Patrick placed his ear against the warm egg. He heard soft squeaks and a faint heartbeat.

Suddenly, Hans rushed into the kitchen area.

The man put the egg behind his back.

“To the deck!” Hans shouted at Patrick. “We’ve spotted boats coming our way. Elcano wants the deck clean to impress them. Get moving.”

Then Hans stopped and faced the man in armor.

“Vasco?” Hans said. “We thought you had starved.”

Hans met Patrick’s gaze. Fear glazed Hans’s eyes. “Did you have something to do with this?” Hans asked. “Did you bring him back from the dead?”

Patrick shook his head.

“Where have you been?” Hans asked Vasco.

Vasco showed the egg to Hans. “It didn’t have parents,” he said. “I kept it warm in my armpit or in the firebox.”

Hans’s face turned red with anger. “You hid to save an egg?” he shouted. “You sat in here, all day and all night, for weeks!”

Vasco lowered his head.

“You lazy filth,” Hans said. “That’s worse than being a witch.” He spat through the gap of his teeth. “And take off that armor. You’re no warrior.”

“I’ll just put the egg back in the firebox,” Vasco said. “Then I’ll get to work. The boy can watch it till I get back.”

Hans grabbed the bucket of water. He smirked, showing his gap-tooth smile.

“No!” shouted Vasco.

But Hans splashed the water inside the firebox. The embers sizzled and smoke rose. The fire was out.

Vasco sighed in defeat. “The little bird will die without warmth,” he said.

“I’ll keep the egg under my shirt,” Patrick said. He took the egg from Vasco.

“No, you won’t,” Hans said. “You’re to come with me. Elcano wants you to learn to be a proper sailor. Everyone needs to work. So leave the egg alone.”

Hans pointed at Vasco. He said, “Grab a mop. You’ll swab the poop deck. Elcano will decide your punishment later.” Then Hans left.

Patrick found an unused helmet. He reached into his pocket and pulled out a Hot Handz packet. “This will save your life,” he said to the egg. “Whit knew you’d need this.”

Patrick bent the silver warmer in half to activate it. He felt an instant heat warm his palm. He put the packet inside the helmet. He placed the egg on top of the warmer with care. Then he set the helmet inside the firebox and closed the door.

“That’s the best we can do,” he said.

“Right,” Vasco said. “I’ll take off my armor. Then let’s go make this ship spick-and-span.”

The New Scribe

Beth dropped the quill. She rushed out of the cabin to see the boats from Cebu.

On the main deck, sailors scurried about. Beth leaned against the ship's railing. She put a hand on her brow to block the afternoon sun. She wanted to see what the lookout had seen.

Several long, narrow boats sailed toward Magellan's fleet. The leading boat had a bright-colored sail. About twenty rowers pulled on oars. A bare-chested, barefoot man sat on a chair. Above his head was a little roof covered in large leaves.

In moments, the leading boat came alongside the *Trinidad*.

Henry, Pigafetta, and Magellan stood at the railing on the forecastle deck. They were above Beth.

Beth heard the man in the chair shout. She felt the conch vibrate.

"Greetings, brothers in Jesus Christ," the man said. "The king wants you to visit. He will meet you on shore in the morning. It is about the warriors of Mactan."

Henry translated for Magellan.

Magellan said, "Tell the king that we will come tomorrow to help him. We will plan the battle together."

Henry shouted the words in the island language.

Then the boats turned around and headed to shore.

Beth climbed to the forecastle deck.

"Are you going ashore with Magellan tomorrow morning?" Beth asked Pigafetta.

Pigafetta rolled his eyes. "I am the captain-general's personal assistant," he said. "His scribe. His second pair of eyes."

"And?" Beth said.

"I must be there," he said. "I keep a diary of events."

Magellan asked Beth, "You can understand the island language, correct?"

Beth nodded.

The captain-general turned to Pigafetta. "The girl will go with me to meet the king of Cebu. She can take over as scribe," he said. "You are needed on board."

Pigafetta's jaw opened and shut like a fish out of water. "But, but . . ."

"I don't want to take his place," Beth said.

"No one can take Pigafetta's place," Magellan said. "I trust the Italian with my life. I need him here to make sure no one harms the *Trinidad*. I don't trust Elcano. He is up to something."

Pigafetta bowed and said, "As you wish, Captain-General. I will be in charge of the fleet in your absence."

Magellan spoke to Beth, "You are to go back to my cabin. Write of the day's events."

Beth nodded. She walked back to Magellan's cabin. She lit a candle on the desk for light.

Pigafetta's journal was still open. Beth spent a little time reading it. She snacked on fruit and nuts that had been left on the desk. She paid careful attention to the part about the mutiny. Elcano and others had tried to get rid of Magellan.

She read about the crew's near starvation. She read about the joy they felt at finding Cebu and food.

The last entry was amazing:

SUNDAY, APRIL 14, 1521

In the center of the city, islanders gathered to be baptized.

Everyone was especially glad that King Humabon wanted to become a Christian.

Forty of our men stood around the ceremony area in their armor. Tapestries and palm leaves decorated the platform. Cannons from the ship fired in honor of the celebration. The noise scared some of the crowd.

Magellan talked to the islanders. Henry translated and said: "Everyone who wants to be baptized may do so. But first you must destroy all your wood idols to false gods."

Then Magellan knelt and showed them how to pray.

After that, Magellan and King Humabon sat in chairs on the platform. The seats were covered in red-and-purple velvet. Magellan wore a bright white robe. It made his black beard look even blacker.

The king wore a cloth around his head. He also had on a lot of gold jewelry. The rest of the important men sat on cushions or mats.

"Thank God that you want to be Christians," Magellan said. "The king of Spain will help protect you from your enemies."

Next, the fleet's chaplain baptized several men. A young sailor carried a bowl of water.

The chaplain scooped water from the bowl with his hand. He dribbled water on each man's head. He did this three times for each man. And he said, "In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit."

Later, other islanders learned about Jesus and decided that they wanted to become Christians. King Humabon's wife arrived to be baptized in the late afternoon. Magellan gave her a baby Jesus figure carved out of wood. He said it was to replace the false idols she had.

Other women and children came with the king's wife. More men came too. They all gathered in the town square. The chaplain baptized each one. On that day, eight hundred islanders of Cebu were baptized.

What will happen tomorrow? Beth wondered. *I hope it's even better than eight hundred people being baptized.*

Beth lit another candle. She picked up the quill and began her journal entry.

A Squeak

The sun was setting when Patrick and Vasco finished their chores. They hurried below to check on the egg. The chickens and pigs greeted them with clucks and oinks.

Patrick made it to the stove before Vasco.

The egg was still there, safe in its helmet nest.

Patrick pulled out the egg and cradled it with one hand. He smiled.

The little bird had pecked an opening in the shell. The hole was only the size of a pencil eraser. But it meant the little bird was strong and healthy.

Vasco slid his fingers inside the helmet. “We need another fire packet,” he said. “The bird must stay warm.”

Patrick reached into his pocket with his free hand. He pulled out a Hot Handz warmer. He bent it in half. He placed it in the helmet. Then he set the egg on top of it.

A faint noise came from inside the egg.

Vasco cooed to the egg. “Good job, little fellow,” he said.

Patrick heard footsteps. He quickly put the helmet behind his back.

Elcano appeared at the top of the stairs. Hans followed, grinning in toothless glee. Even more sailors squeezed

belowdecks.

The men formed a semicircle around Vasco and Patrick. They were all carrying weapons. One man pointed a spear at Vasco's throat.

Patrick felt as trapped as the chickens in the boxes.

"What's all this about?" Vasco asked. He pushed the point of the spear away from him. "We're your shipmates. We're not the enemy."

The man with the spear pointed it again.

They're serious, Patrick thought.

Elcano cleared his throat. Then he said, "Vasco Gallego, you are guilty of sloth. For two months you've shirked your duties. Your pay will be docked."

Vasco gulped. "Will I be beaten?" he asked, his voice squeaking.

Elcano shook his head. "We need you able to work," he said. "A beating would keep you from working hard."

Vasco said, "Fair enough. I'll do extra shifts to make up for my sloth."

The Spaniard seemed pleased. "You will be on the night shift, then. The boy will join you," he said.

"Why do I have to do extra shifts?" Patrick asked.

The sailor with the spear now faced Patrick. "You practiced magic," he said. "You raised Vasco from the dead."

"If I was dead, how can you punish me for not working?" Vasco asked.

The sailors murmured among themselves. Vasco's logic seemed to confuse them.

Just then a squeak came from the egg.

Hans turned to Vasco. "I told you to leave the egg alone!" he said. "Let me see it."

Patrick pulled the helmet out from behind his back.

"It's one of those tasty eggs," one of the sailors said. He pointed a thin, bony finger at the helmet. "I claim the egg first."

Patrick looked around at the sailors. Several of them were rubbing their stomachs.

"Shouldn't you all be on deck swabbing or something?"

Patrick asked. He put the helmet behind him again.

"Excellent idea," Elcano said. He turned to look at the sailors. They left the kitchen area one by one.

Elcano turned to leave too. He put one foot on the first step and paused. "Hans," he said, "hold that egg for me. I'll have it for breakfast."

"Yes, Master Elcano," Hans said.

Elcano went up the stairs.

Only Hans, Patrick, and Vasco were left below.

"Off to the forecastle deck with you two," Hans said. "You'll do the night watch. Tomorrow you'll work all day."

Hans took the helmet away from Patrick. "I'll see that the egg is *safe* from Elcano."

Patrick's heart flooded with hope. "Thank you!" he said to Hans.

"I mean *salted* for Elcano," Hans said. Then he smirked.

Patrick's heart sank.

Pigafetta came back into the cabin late in the evening. He watched Beth finish writing the journal entry about the day's events.

Beth put down her quill. She leaned back in the small chair.

Pigafetta picked up the parchment and read about the witch trial. "It's very good," he said. "So good that you'll tell Magellan that I helped you write it."

Beth crossed her arms. "No," she said. "That's a lie. I wrote every word."

Pigafetta's eyes narrowed.

"If you don't say I wrote it," Pigafetta said, "something bad might happen to the boy-witch."

Beth stood. "Only a coward would hurt an innocent boy."

Pigafetta loomed over her. "Innocent?" he said. "He is using magic."

Beth laughed. “You’re making that up,” she said. “Patrick is *not* a witch.”

“Something odd happened on the *Victoria*,” the scribe said. “The sailors are afraid of him. Rumors travel quickly, even at sea.”

“You’re just trying to scare me,” she said. “My cousin has done nothing wrong.”

Pigafetta said, “Nevertheless, I must make sure you stay out of trouble.” He pulled a skeleton key out of his pocket. Pigafetta left the cabin.

Beth heard the door shut and then a *click*.

She was locked inside.

Patrick and Vasco climbed the stairs to the forecastle deck. Patrick looked at the sky. The quarter moon and stars cast a glow on the deck.

A sailor came by with a sand clock and a lantern. He announced the hour to be nine o’clock.

“We’re doing the night watch,” Vasco said to the man.

The sailor handed the sand clock to Vasco and grinned. “Thanks,” he said. “It’s good to see you again, mate.”

The man handed the lantern to Patrick and left.

Vasco set the sand clock on a barrel. The clock had two large, bulb-shaped pieces of glass. They were connected by a narrow tube.

“We have to watch the clock,” Vasco said.

“What happens when all the sand runs to the bottom?” Patrick asked.

“We walk along each deck and shout the time,” Vasco said. “If you know a Bible verse, you can shout that, too. Elcano doesn’t really care much for the Bible verses. But the captain-general does.”

“Doesn’t the shouting wake up the sailors?” Patrick asked.

“Of course,” Vasco said. “But if we don’t shout, we’ll fall

asleep ourselves."

They sat on barrels and watched the sand flow.

A half hour later, Patrick walked around the ship's three decks. He carried the lantern. He shouted, "It's nine-thirty! 'Shout for joy to the LORD!'"

At ten, Vasco made the rounds. They took turns shouting the time every half hour.

At three o'clock in the morning, Vasco began his walk. He took the lantern with him.

Patrick sat on the forecastle deck away from the moonlight. He settled down to watch the sand flow and yawned. He listened to the waves slap against the ship.

Then he heard some voices coming from below him. Someone was on the main deck.

"I bring a message from the Portuguese fool. He wants all your men on deck before dawn," a voice said. "He is meeting with the king of Cebu."

"The war he is planning is a mistake," a second voice said. "And when he dies, I'll be ready to take over."

Patrick thought it sounded like Elcano.

"I'm looking forward to that day, Master," the first voice said. "I'll return to the *Trinidad* now."

Master? Now Patrick was sure the second voice was Elcano. He was talking to someone from Magellan's ship.

"Thank you for the report," Elcano said.

Patrick heard a thud. It was as if a man had jumped into a boat. He looked over the side of the ship. A small rowboat was pulling away from the *Victoria*.

Then Vasco came back, shouting, "It's three-thirty! 'God knows all the birds of the mountains. And all the beasts in the field are His.'"

Is Elcano going to take over? Patrick wondered. He flipped the sand clock over. He wished Beth was there to tell him.

12

All About Fins

Beth waited hours for someone to let her out. She fell asleep on the little bed. The night watchman woke her every half hour by shouting.

Finally, she heard the doorknob turn. Pigafetta entered.

"It's time for you to go with Magellan," he said. "The captain-general wants an early start."

"Were you two up all night?" Beth asked.

"Yes," he said. "We were planning a battle. The people of Cebu and the people of Mactan are enemies. Magellan and King Humabon plan to capture the island of Mactan."

"And then King Charles the First will rule it?" Beth asked.

"Yes," Pigafetta said. "The Spanish flag will fly from the highest hill."

Will the people of Mactan like being ruled by strangers? Beth wondered.

"Hurry," Pigafetta said. "Magellan waits."

Beth rushed out the door to the main deck. There she climbed down a rope ladder and into a shallop.

Magellan sat at the front. Henry and several other sailors in armor rowed toward the *Victoria*.

Beth looked out over the water. Dawn shed light on the

ripples. A fin broke the water's surface. It was blue-gray with white spots.

She shook Magellan's arm. "A fin," she said to him. "Is that a shark fin?" she asked. She pointed toward the spotted fin. "Will it hurt us?"

Magellan looked at the fin slicing through the water. "It's a whale shark," he said. "They're harmless, unless you're a krill or tiny fish."

Beth was silent for a moment. Magellan seemed to know a lot about sea creatures.

"The dolphin I rode had a curved fin," she said. "Do all dolphin fins have curves?"

Magellan nodded. "Yes. But shark fins are straight. That's something every sailor learns, or he gets eaten."

Beth stared at the water. She recalled the beginning of the adventure. She pictured the curved gray dolphin fin in the ocean.

Patrick knows a lot about marine animals too, she thought. *He knew the fin belonged to a dolphin. But he called it a shark. He tricked me!*

Patrick and Vasco stood on the main deck of the *Victoria*. Everyone had been called to the deck before morning rations. Vasco held the lantern. Patrick held the sand clock and yawned.

They all stood in a long line, even Elcano.

Magellan climbed the rope ladder to the main deck.

Patrick saw Beth follow Magellan. She stayed close to his side.

Patrick smiled and gave a small wave to Beth, but she frowned.

Why can't we get along anymore? he wondered.

Magellan pointed to a few men at the front of the line. "You, you, and you," he said. "Get into the shallop. You're coming with me to Cebu."

The men hurried below.

The captain-general then came to the end of the row.

Patrick stood up straight.

Magellan stared at Vasco and then at Patrick. “Boy,” the captain-general said to Patrick, “I’ve heard a rumor that you used magic.”

Patrick’s eyes widened with worry. “No, sir, Captain-General,” Patrick said. “I don’t believe in magic. And I can say this: Vasco was never, ever dead.”

Magellan turned his dark eyes toward Vasco. “Vasco Gallego, what do you have to say for yourself?” he asked.

“Nothing about myself,” Vasco said. “But I would like you to help the egg.”

“What egg?” Magellan said.

Hans lifted a helmet that was at his feet. He stepped toward Magellan.

“Here, sir,” Hans said. “It’s the last of those geese that can’t fly.”

Magellan leaned over and looked inside the helmet. Beth and Elcano moved to be near the helmet too.

Patrick turned and leaned over Beth’s shoulder. Vasco scooted in close too.

The egg lay on top of cloth in the helmet. Two Hot Handz warmers were sticking out from under the cloth.

Hans saved the penguin, Patrick thought. *He’s got a soft heart after all.*

Elcano said, “Those are fire potions.” He pointed at the Hot Handz packets. “The boy is using magic.”

The penguin squeaked. Its beak pecked through the hole.

Crack!

Suddenly the egg split.

“The little bird is almost out!” Vasco said.

Hans offered the captain-general the helmet.

Magellan peered closely inside.

Vasco raised the lantern. The light shone on the bird.

The penguin squeaked again. Its head popped up. It was fuzzy gray with a white bib under its beak.

"It's nothing important," Magellan said. "Do what you want with it." He dismissed it with a wave of his hand.

"But it's so cute!" Beth said. "I've never seen a Magellanic penguin!"

Magellan glanced at her. "This bird—a *penguin*—is named after me?" he asked.

Beth nodded. She said, "You and your crew are the first Europeans to see this type of penguin."

Magellan puffed out his chest. He said, "It's named after me. The bird is under my protection."

Magellan looked at Hans. "Take it to the *Trinidad*. Give it to Pigafetta. Ask him to make a record in the ship's journal."

"No!" Elcano said. "It's on the *Victoria*. The bird is

mine." He ran his tongue across his lips. "And I want it for breakfast."

The lantern's glow cast a shadow across Magellan's face. His expression looked stern.

"I have spoken," Magellan said. He looked straight at Elcano. "No one is going to eat this bird."

Elcano clicked the heels of his boots. Then he turned and stomped away.

Hans said, "I'll take the bird to Pigafetta right away."

Patrick sighed with relief. *Beth's knowledge saved the baby penguin*, he thought. *Maybe being a know-it-all is sometimes good.*

"Be quick about it then," Magellan said.

Once again, the captain-general looked at Patrick and Vasco. "You and you," he said to them, pointing at their chests. "Come with me to Cebu."

"Aye aye, Captain-General, sir," Patrick said happily. He and Beth were going to be together again. He smiled at Beth. But she crossed her arms and turned away.

13

The Miracle

The shallop reached shore on Cebu at dawn. The cousins got out and waded to shore with the sailors.

Beth wanted to be nice to Patrick. But she was still mad that he lied to her about the shark fin.

King Humabon greeted Magellan when he arrived on shore. Several islanders were with him. Like Beth, they were barefoot.

The leaders hugged and spoke to each other. Henry translated for them.

"The king calls you his brother," Henry said to Magellan. "He wishes that you will visit his sick relative."

Beth's conch vibrated. Henry had translated the words exactly.

"Very well," Magellan said. "Take us to him."

Vasco held a pole with the flag of Spain on it.

Henry and an island man followed.

The king sat in a red velvet chair. Three island men carried it.

Magellan walked alongside the king. Next in line were Magellan's men.

They marched to a house. It was made of wooden beams, bamboo poles, and palm leaves. The house was on

stilts. A ladder stretched from the ground to the front door. Cows and pigs and chickens rested in the shade of the house.

Vasco planted a Spanish flag in front of the house.

The important men climbed the ladder.

Beth and Patrick waited their turn to go climb up.

Henry stuck his head outside the front door. “Scribe!” he shouted. “You are wanted inside.”

Beth hurried to the house and squeezed in. Its walls were made from palm branches. A giant turtle shell hung on one wall. Colorful woven tapestries hung from the others.

A dozen women crowded in the house. They had on gold hoop earrings and bracelets. They wore dresses like Beth had on. But they also wore veils of gold or white.

The women’s hair was so long. Beth thought their hair had never been cut. The women smelled like rosewater.

A sick man lay on a mat woven from palm leaves. His body was stiff. His breathing was shallow.

One of the women was playing an instrument. The music had a sad sound. It reminded Beth of a bagpipe.

Beth moved near Magellan. She saw Patrick and Vasco come in. They stood in the back.

Magellan gave a short sermon about Jesus Christ.

Henry translated the words into the island language. He spoke directly to the sick man on the mat.

Beth’s conch vibrated. She could understand Henry. He asked the sick man if he believed in Jesus.

The man didn’t move or speak.

The king said something.

Henry translated. He said, “Pray for him, Brother Magellan.”

Beth could understand that, too.

Nearby, two older women started praying. They spoke in the island language.

Beth's conch vibrated. *They're praying to idols hidden in the room,* she thought.

Beth whispered to Magellan about the idols.

Magellan's face turned red with anger. He shouted, "Burn the idols. They cannot heal this man!"

Henry translated Magellan's order. But the islanders shook their heads.

An older woman walked toward Henry. Gold bracelets covered her arms all the way to her biceps. She had swirl markings on her face. "We must offer sacrifices to the stone gods," she said. "It is our custom."

Henry said, "The power of Jesus Christ can heal your friend. Please do as the captain-general orders."

But all the women sat still.

Magellan whispered something to Henry. Beth's heart

froze at what she heard.

Henry's eyes grew large. He looked at Beth as if to say, "I can't say this."

The conch buzzed. Beth took a deep breath. She trembled as she spoke in the island language: "Burn the idols. If this man isn't healed, the captain-general will let you chop off his own head!"

Patrick stood at the back of the room. He saw the twelve island women stand. Everyone seemed excited.

The women lifted cushions and palm mats. They reached into the palm leaves covering the walls. They reached behind the turtle shell on the wall. They found the hidden idols. Then they placed them on the sick man's mat.

The king spoke, and then Henry translated. He asked, "Are there any more idols?"

The old woman who spoke to Henry unwrapped her head covering. She took out a stone figure of a little stout man. She laid it gently on the mat.

Vasco picked up the idols. "I'll destroy these," he said. Then he left the house with them in his arms.

Magellan knelt and put his hand on the sick man. He prayed a prayer of faith.

Patrick bowed his head. He prayed silently along with Magellan. He asked God to save the sick man. And Magellan.

The War Council

Later that day, Beth sat at Magellan's desk again. Pigafetta watched over her shoulder as Beth wrote in the journal.

He held the helmet with the sleeping penguin. He had named it Ferdy, after Magellan.

"Did the captain-general really offer his life?" Pigafetta asked. He stroked Ferdy's head.

Beth nodded. She dipped the quill in the ink. She wrote about the hidden idols.

"What happened next?" Pigafetta asked.

"Magellan prayed," Beth said. "Right afterward, the man sat up and spoke. He hadn't said a word in four days! Everyone started to worship God. The twelve women and the man wanted to be baptized."

"What happened to Magellan?" Pigafetta asked.

Beth shrugged. "I stayed at the house to help the women," she said. "We gave the man nut milk. The men went outside to talk."

"Don't forget to tell Magellan I wrote that!" Pigafetta said. He turned toward the door. He still held the helmet. "Now come with me. You and the witch-boy are to speak at the war council."

Beth finished the journal entry. She blew on the ink to

dry it. She didn't sign her name. Pigafetta would blot it out anyway.

She set down the quill and followed Pigafetta out the door.

Patrick sat on a barrel alongside the men. Pigafetta and Beth came to join the group.

Magellan, Henry, Elcano, and several other leaders discussed the battle.

Elcano said, "We should not fight the warriors of Mactan. We need to leave Cebu and find the Spice Islands."

Magellan stroked his short beard. "I cannot leave knowing my friend has enemies. I need to help my brother in Christ win this battle."

Magellan stood and slapped Patrick on the back. "Will our armor, muskets, and crossbows protect us?" he asked Patrick. His intense dark eyes bore down at him.

Patrick felt as if Magellan were trying to examine his soul. He felt as small as the penguin.

He wished again he'd listened to Beth's school report. He didn't remember anything about a battle. But he did know something about Elcano.

“Some gathered here may want you to fail,” Patrick said. “What will happen if you get hurt? Who will lead the fleet then?”

Patrick looked around at all the men. Then he studied Elcano. Pigafetta and Henry were also staring at the Spaniard.

Elcano seemed nervous. He looked at his hands. He seemed suddenly interested in his fingernails.

Henry pointed to an island across the bay. He said, “The warriors of Mactan are fierce. The people of Cebu say they will never quit fighting. I share the boy’s concern for your safety.”

Magellan chuckled. “The warriors of Mactan have only wood spears and arrows,” he said. “My armor and my crossbow will protect me. Have no fear.”

Patrick had been curious about something since the healing. He asked Henry, “How can you talk to the island people? You just got here a couple weeks ago.”

“I grew up on a nearby island,” Henry said. “But I was sold into slavery as a boy. I lived for a while in the Spice Islands. And then I was taken to Africa.”

Henry offered his hand to Magellan. The two shook hands.

“The captain-general found me in Africa,” he said. “I was fourteen years old. Now I am a high-ranking sailor with a good wage. I am most grateful.” Henry bowed to Magellan.

Henry turned to Beth and said, “I have seen your powers. You speak many languages and you know many things. Do *you* know if we will win the battle?”

Beth’s stomach churned. She clutched her conch necklace. What could she say?

She looked at Patrick. His face held only a question.

Beth knew the answer. She almost blurted it. But then she stopped. It wasn’t always good to be a know-it-all.

Beth said, “If I say you will lose, will you fight anyway?”

Magellan closed his eyes and bowed his head. There was a long silence. “Yes,” he said at last. “I will fight. Helping my brother King Humabon is the right thing to do.”

Pigafetta said, “Then I offer my sword. I will fight at your side, Captain-General.”

“And I,” Henry said. “Win or lose, we stand together.”

Again there was silence. Two more men agreed to fight.

Beth tried to read Elcano’s expression. But his eyes were cast downward. He was silent. He had the look of a traitor.

Patrick suddenly said, “Me too. I can do something, can’t I?”

The three ships left Cebu as soon as it was dark. They anchored not far from Mactan. Sixty sailors had volunteered for battle. Patrick made sixty-one.

The army from the fleet gathered on the *Trinidad*’s main deck. Patrick recognized Magellan, Henry, Pigafetta, Hans, Vasco, and other younger sailors. Like their leader, the men wore full armor. They all held weapons and unlit torches.

Beth took a step away from Patrick’s side. She set down

the helmet with Ferdy inside.

Vasco came over and patted the bird on the head. "You'll take care of him, won't you?" he asked Beth.

"Of course," she said. "No one will eat him."

Vasco gave a little bow and then left.

Next, Beth helped Patrick adjust his armor. The breastplate was long enough to reach his knees.

"Why did you volunteer?" Beth asked. "It's going to be scary."

"I'm going because Pigafetta and Henry are going," Patrick said. "I want to be loyal even if it's dangerous. Even if I can't make a difference. Even if it's hopeless. I have to try."

He paused and stared at his boots. "I'm sorry I wasn't loyal the day you fell, Beth. I should have stuck up for you."

Beth nodded. "Maybe I can learn to not be such a know-it-all," she said. "I should have let the others help with the school project."

"Friends?" Patrick asked. He gave her a tiny smile.

"Hmm," Beth said. "What about the 'shark'? You tricked me. I've learned about curved fins and straight fins. I was mad at you when I found out."

Patrick's smile faded. "I'm sorry for that, too," he said. "I knew you wouldn't get hurt. For once I knew something you didn't. It felt good for a minute. Then it felt awful."

"It does feel good to have information," Beth said. "That's why I study so hard." She leaned in close. Then she whispered, "Do you want to know what will happen in the battle?"

"No," Patrick said. "That seems wrong somehow."

Beth picked up Patrick's helmet. She placed it on his head. "You're brave and loyal," she said. "I'm proud to be your cousin."

Patrick saw two sailors loading small cannon-like artillery onto a shallop.

Just then Pigafetta joined them on the deck.

The scribe turned to Beth. He spoke in Italian, and the conch vibrated. "Please keep the journal going," he said. "If I die—"

Beth put her hand on his forearm. “You’ll write about today and tell the world what happened,” she said.

Pigafetta raised her hand and kissed the back of it. Then he gave her a half bow and left.

“How did you know what he said?” Patrick asked. “I couldn’t understand him.”

Beth touched the conch.

“This helps me understand all the men,” she said. “It’s Mr. Whittaker’s new component. Pigafetta just spoke in Italian. Most of them speak Spanish, which you can understand in this adventure. But the conch will translate all languages.”

“Mr. Whittaker thought of everything,” Patrick said.

Beth held out the little penguin. “And don’t worry about Ferdy,” she said. “I’ll take care of him.”

Patrick patted Ferdy on the head. The little bird squeaked.

Patrick hugged Beth goodbye and moved toward the side of the ship. Three shallops were waiting below. Two were already filled.

Patrick stood, waiting his turn to climb into the last boat.

All of a sudden, he wanted to know who would win. He turned, but Beth was gone.

15

The Battle of Mactan

Beth watched as the three shallops sailed toward Mactan. Wind swept her hair away from her face and billowed her skirt. The white sails were quickly swallowed by the night.

Elcano suddenly appeared on the deck of the *Trinidad*. He shouted orders to the few sailors who were left.

He's come to claim the fleet, she thought. *And the battle hasn't even started.*

Beth wanted Ferdy away from Elcano. She went to Magellan's cabin to hide. She set Ferdy's helmet on the desk. He slept standing up with his beak tucked under his wing.

Beth looked at Magellan's bookshelf. She pulled out the Bible and opened it. She flipped through the pages. She found the verse she was looking for:

> The word of God is alive and active. It is sharper than any sword that has two edges. It cuts deep enough to separate soul from spirit. It can separate bones from joints. It judges the thoughts and purposes of the heart.

Beth thought of Magellan. He was a puzzle of a man.

Magellan trusted God to lead him across the ocean to

new lands. He preached the gospel to hundreds of people. He trusted God to heal a sick man. He even offered his life to prove his faith.

But he thought his armor and weapons would save him in battle. Beth knew they wouldn't be enough.

God knew what was in Magellan's heart—and hers. God would forgive them both for being know-it-alls.

Beth closed the Bible. She knelt on a little wool rug beside the bed. She prayed. And then she prayed some more.

Patrick felt a bump as the shallop quickly stopped. The other two shallops were blocked too.

"We hit a reef," Hans said. "We can't get any closer to the shore. We're still several hundred feet out."

Henry looked over the side of the boat. "We can wade in," he said to Magellan. "There's a coral ridge that extends to the shore."

"But the swivel cannons can't shoot that far. We will all be unprotected," Hans said.

"Then we'll take them by surprise," Magellan said. "We'll burn the village and leave."

Magellan took off his leg armor. Then he slipped out of the shallop. The water came up to his armpits. He raised his crossbow above his head with one arm. In the other, he held an unlit torch.

Magellan started walking on the coral to shore.

Patrick saw the men in the other two shallops get out. Most of them had taken off their leg armor. They all held their weapons and torches above the water.

What should I do? Patrick wondered.

Pigafetta lifted a tarp that was in the bottom of the shallop. "Carry this tinderbox," he said to Patrick. "Don't let it get wet. We'll need it to light the torches."

Patrick took the tinderbox in one hand. He put his legs over the side of the shallop. He slid into the water . . . and

sank. His feet found the coral ridge. But the water was over his head.

He struggled to rise, but the armor pulled him down. Still he held the tinderbox out of the water.

He held his breath. He tried to jump. Seconds ticked by. His lungs started to burn.

I'm going to drown! he thought.

Suddenly, the tinderbox was yanked from his hand.

He felt someone grab his arm and pull him up. Patrick's head broke the surface of the water.

Air. Patrick gulped it in.

"You're not a witch after all," Pigafetta said. He laughed. "You can't even save yourself from drowning!"

Patrick grabbed the side of the shallop. He pulled himself inside with Pigafetta's help.

"You'll have to stay in the boat," Pigafetta said. He opened the tinderbox and fiddled with the charred cloth. Soon a flame sparked.

Pigafetta lit his torch. Then the Italian slid into the water. He waded toward the shore. He held his weapon and torch high.

Minutes passed slowly. The only sound was the water lapping against the shallop's side.

Patrick watched Pigafetta's torch bob. He saw one torch lit on shore. Then another.

Suddenly, shrill battle cries filled the silence. A musket was fired.

Bang!

The warriors of Mactan had come. The battle had begun.

Ferdy woke. He opened his little eyes and squeaked.

Beth scooped him out of the helmet. She was ready with some chopped fish. She dropped the chunks into Ferdy's open beak one by one. He seemed to use his whole body to

swallow. His neck and body wriggled as the food went down.

Beth smiled. But inside she was worried. *What is happening on Mactan?* she wondered.

Hours passed. The sun was just rising. The battle continued with renewed energy.

Patrick could now see the shore. The fighting was happening among some trees. He heard more shouts from Magellan and his men.

The war cries from the men of Mactan continued.

He heard the muskets fire. The battle was moving very close to shore.

Patrick could now see the warriors of Mactan. He saw their long hair and bare chests. He saw their spears and their bows and arrows.

Magellan's sailors were being pushed back. They needed more men for the battle. Or cannon fire. Or something . . .

Patrick tried to load the swivel cannon, but he didn't know how.

He looked around for a weapon. The only thing left was an unlit torch. Suddenly he had an idea. Maybe more men would come.

He took a Hot Handz warmer out of his pocket. He tore the foil apart and rubbed the chemicals against the torch.

The fibers on the torch lit into a blaze. He set the torch handle into the swivel cannon's barrel. Then he picked up the tarp.

He blocked the torch's flame for a moment. Then he lifted the tarp. He repeated this nine times, fast and slow, sending a signal:

Flash, flash, flash. FLASH . . . FLASH . . . FLASH . . . Flash, flash, flash.

Then he started all over.

Maybe Beth will tell them to send more men, he thought.

16

Clicker

A knock on the cabin door startled Beth.

"Who's there?" she asked.

"The captain-general." It was Elcano. "I came to claim this cabin," he said.

Beth opened the door slowly.

The Spaniard stood in the doorway. He was wearing clean clothes. And his beard had been recently shaved. He looked sharp and in command.

"How are you so sure Magellan won't need this cabin?" Beth asked.

"I can tell the battle has already gone badly," he said.

"How do you know?" Beth asked.

"Come," he said. He led her out of the cabin and to the railing. "Look at the horizon."

Beth stood, facing the island of Mactan. The sun was barely awake. A soft glow lit the horizon. All she could see was the shoreline and a thick line of trees.

"There's no smoke," Elcano said. "Magellan was going to burn the village. He failed. That means the warriors of Mactan stopped him."

Beth felt mixed emotions. She was glad that the village was saved. But sad because she knew her friends were in

danger.

She squinted, looking for smoke. Instead, she saw a blinking light.

Flash, flash, flash. FLASH . . . FLASH . . . FLASH . . . Flash, flash, flash.

It was the pattern that meant SOS. It had to be Patrick.

"They're in trouble," Beth said. "The sailors need help." She looked at Elcano's eyes. "You have to send more men to Mactan!"

Elcano laughed. He said, "We barely have enough sailors to set sail again. Let the fools live with Magellan's choice. I will send no help."

Just then a dolphin leaped out of the water. It clicked and squealed and plunged back into the Pacific.

Beth's conch vibrated. She knew what she had to do.

"If you won't help," Beth said, "I will. Even if it's hopeless, I have to try."

Beth went inside the cabin. She picked up the helmet with Ferdy inside. The little bird was sleeping again.

She paused at the desk. Pigafetta's journal was open. She touched the page in awe. She knew that for hundreds of years people would read its words. It told the true story of Ferdinand Magellan's voyage.

She stepped back outside on the deck.

Elcano was still standing at the railing.

Ferdy lifted his head out of the helmet. He squeaked.

Elcano must have heard the bird, because he turned. “Thank you for bringing me breakfast,” he said. He reached for the helmet.

Beth quickly stepped back. “You’ll never get to eat this baby bird,” she said.

“Who’s going to stop me?” Elcano asked. “Where can you hide that I can’t find you?”

Again he lunged for the helmet.

Again Beth dodged him.

She tucked the helmet under her arm and climbed the railing. Then she jumped.

She heard Elcano’s shouts of anger as she fell into the water.

Patrick’s arm was getting tired. The torch was burning low. The tide was coming in and the shallops were rising. He wondered if Beth had seen the SOS signal.

Then he heard Magellan shout, “Retreat! Get to the shallops!”

Men began crossing the coral reef. Some limped. Some leaned on their spears to keep from falling. Patrick saw that many had blood smeared on their armor.

He turned toward the ocean and saw the ships anchored far away. None of them had sent a shallop full of men to help.

The only things moving toward him were dolphins. Several of the animals were jumping and spinning in the morning sun.

Then he saw Beth.

She was riding a dolphin toward him. As Beth drew near, Patrick saw she was carrying a helmet.

Ferdy!

Patrick lifted the torch and waved it. “Over here!” he said.

The dolphin arrived with Beth on its back. Then the dolphin spurted water out of its blowhole.

Patrick recognized the animal.

"Clicker!" he said.

Clicker made his usual clicking noises mixed with squeals.

Beth said, "I can understand the dolphins a bit." She touched the conch necklace. "They want us to go with them and take Ferdy."

Patrick looked at the shore. The battle was lost. "We can't help the sailors," he said. His voice quavered.

"But we can be loyal to Vasco and help Ferdy," Beth said. "It's not much, but it's all we can do."

Patrick took off his armor and slid into the water. Several more dolphins surfaced. One of them allowed Patrick to get on its back.

Suddenly, several dolphins butted their noses against the shallop at once. The shallop sailed over the ridge of coral. It settled a hundred yards closer to Magellan and his men.

Several sailors could now get to safety. They fought off the warriors of Mactan and backed into the waves. Men would be saved because the dolphins had moved the shallop closer.

Clicker and the other dolphins turned and swam the cousins out to sea.

Patrick wiped away a tear that slid down his cheek.

They came to a deserted island. It had coconut trees and mangroves. A bunch of baby turtles were in the sand.

"Look," Beth said. "They just hatched."

Beth let Ferdy walk in the sand. A large turtle with curved front legs came on shore.

Clicker jumped out of the water. He clicked and laughed.

Patrick saw Beth touch her conch necklace.

She said, "There are some sea turtles heading to South America for the summer. Ferdy can catch a ride back to his flock."

Clicker chattered some more. Patrick saw the dolphin's small white teeth and thick pink tongue.

Beth said, "It will be a couple of months before Ferdy can swim. The dolphins will feed him and the turtle family will guide him home come July when they migrate."

Patrick heard a familiar hum. The Imagination Station appeared under a mangrove.

Patrick patted Ferdy's head one last time. The little penguin squeaked.

Beth blew the fuzzy bird a kiss.

The cousins climbed in the seats and buckled in. Patrick pushed the red button.

17

Whit's End

Beth got out of the Imagination Station. Patrick followed. They were dressed in their normal clothes. Beth wiggled her toes in her flip-flops.

"Are you two friends again?" Whit asked.

The cousins gave each other a fist bump.

"I won't be such a know-it-all anymore," said Beth. "I've learned when to keep my mouth shut."

"I learned how to be loyal by watching Pigafetta and Henry," he said.

"Would you like to know what happened to Magellan?" Whit asked.

Patrick nodded.

"He died saving Henry and Pigafetta," Whit said. "They were both wounded, but Magellan fought off the warriors of Mactan. They made it to the shallop."

"All three were loyal to one another," Patrick said.

"Did the ships make it to the Spice Islands?" Beth asked. "I didn't get that far in my oral report."

"Juan Elcano went to the Spice Islands. He loaded the ship with spices and other goods. He then sailed back to Spain on the *Victoria*," Whit said. "He became a hero."

Beth thought for a moment. "So, he got credit for

Magellan's vision?" she said.

Whit stroked his moustache. "Actually, *three* people get credit for travelling around the world first," he said. "Magellan gets credit for leading the sea voyage; Elcano for completing it."

"That's only two," Beth said. "Who was the third?"

"Henry," Patrick said. He turned to Whit. "Am I right?"

Whit put a hand on Patrick's shoulder. "You figured it out!" he said.

"Henry was probably born near Cebu," Whit said. "Otherwise, he couldn't have learned the island language. He's the first known person to travel all the way around the world. But it took many years for him to complete the circle."

"What are those islands called today?" Beth asked.

"They are still named Cebu and Mactan," Whit said. "But you would know them as part of the Philippines."

Beth touched her necklace. "Hey, the conch didn't disappear along with our clothes," she said. She slipped the necklace over her head.

"That's one of the new features on the Imagination Station," Whit said. He took the necklace from Beth.

"I need to test the translator out in another adventure," Whit said. "Would you like to try it?"

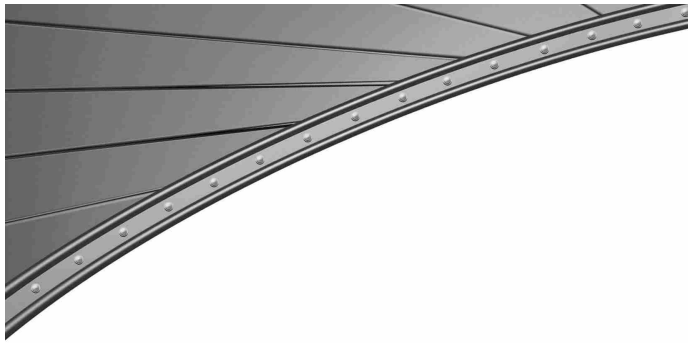
Patrick and Beth looked at each other.

"Sure," Patrick said. "But this time, can I have the conch?"

Whit laughed. "It won't be a shell next time," he said.

"What will it be?" Beth asked.

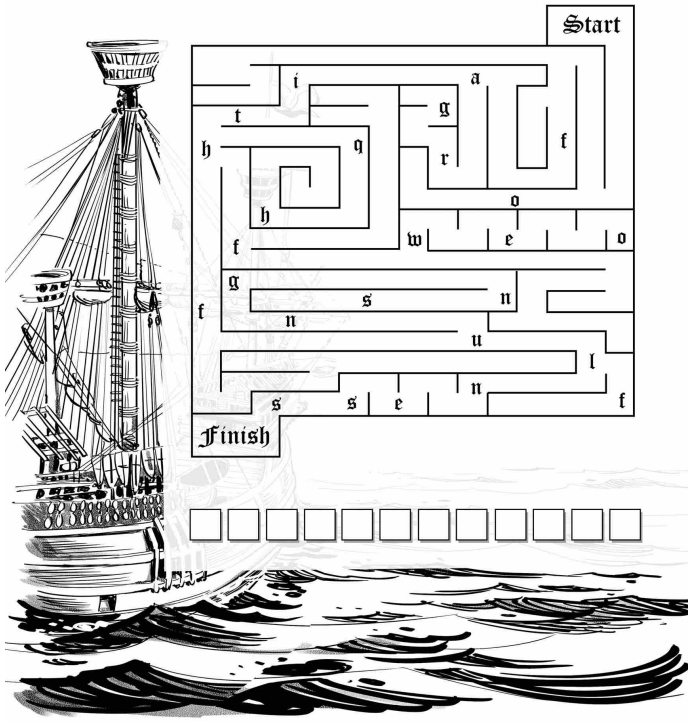
"Come back tomorrow and find out," Whit said. Then he chuckled, and his eyes sparkled.



Secret Word Puzzle

Loyalty in the Bible is usually expressed by a different term. To find out what that word is, follow the maze on the next page. Write down the letters found on the correct path, in order, on the lines below the maze. Then you'll know the secret word.

Go to TheImaginationStation.com.
Find the cover of this book.
Click on "Secret Word."
Type in the answer,
and you'll receive a prize.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Author and Illustrator

Author **MARIANNE HERING** has been making reading fun since she joined the staff of *Focus on the Family Clubhouse* and *Club Jr.* magazines in 1987. When she isn't writing, she's adventuring in the Colorado Rockies with her family and dog, Sam. Find out more about The Imagination Station books and other fun stuff at MarianneHering.com.

Born in Brazil, illustrator **SERGIO CARIELLO** attended the Word of Life Bible Institute and the Joe Kubert School of Cartoon and Graphic Art. He's worked as an art teacher and illustrator for many publishers

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18: Trouble on the Orphan Train

19: Light in the Lions' Den

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